

# the PRESBYTERIAN

OF THE SOUTH  
COMBINING  
THE SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTERIAN  
THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN  
THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN

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## He Leadeth Me

In pastures green? Not always. Sometimes He  
Who knoweth best in kindness leadeth me  
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be,  
Out of the sunshine warm, and soft and bright,  
Out of the sunshine into the darkest night.

I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,  
Only for this—I know he holds my hand;  
So, whether led in green or desert isle,  
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;  
Oftentimes the heavy tempests around me blow,  
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.  
But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry  
Aloud for help, the dear Lord standeth by,  
And whispers to my soul "Lo; it is I!"  
Above the tempest wind I hear Him say,  
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;  
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So whether on the hill-tops high and fair  
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where  
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.

And more than this, where'er the pathway lead,  
He gives to me no helpless broken reed—  
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So, when He leads me, I can safely go;  
And in the blest hereafter I shall know  
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

✠ "To the Law and to the Testimony. If they speak not according to  
this Word, it is because there is no light in them.---Isaiah liii : 20. ✠